Boston June 26. 47.

Dear Dave

Literally in hot haste I get you ready something for the Corsair that has the insolence to advertize even the day of its sailing. I shall put up a few pamphlets and papers for you and perhaps slip in a book or two. Your own paper I have not yet seen, I don't know why, but your letters, short and sweet some of them, but always welcome, most welcome, have all been punctual. They lie before me now of Dates, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, 7, 27, Dec. 28, Jan. 7, Feb. 2, 15, and were answered, (most imperfectly I grant, as they arrived, but what can a poor fellow do who has 6 hours of intense drawing to do in every twenty four, and feels like hanging hisself at the close of each. How I jumped for joy — upon an omnibus, yesterday and rode out to Cambridge with the feeling of utter sansouciness and immediatemancipationess and so forth, fit for chasing every butterfly I saw by day & firefly after night fell, because my work was done, yes my map within 6 hours of being finished, tinted, done, used up, repudiated, sent off with a bill of divorce, as beautiful as a mayday queen and twice as beautiful as any map the world has ever seen. Not til last night did I know the weight of the burden that has pressed, crushed me down to the very ground the last two months. For three weeks I have suffered agonies too ~~with~~ from neuralgia in the lefthead produced of course by the exciting influence of the sea air upon the brain every fibre of which was stretched to cracking. But all that is over and I feel once more like a freeman. Tis true I am pulled many ways now and find it hard to practise, however easy the theory of it may be, (it never was to me,) a selfdetermining will. I would like to spend the summer with father at home in study; I would like to accept a call to Williamsport, to the O. S. Presᵇ Church there; I should like again to stay in Boston where my opportunities for study are of the very best; and once more I should above all things like to settle in some little New England village. You see I say nothing about Colportage. That is out of the question, I cant be an agent and am not permitted to be a colporteur. But that puts me in mind of a fifth liking: I should like perhaps best of all, to devote a year to writing a sort of novel, calling

running into the opposite selfish extreme and thrive upon it. I am no fatter but certainly healthier than when you left. Come and see if I am not. Pray present my respects to your good friends whom I would be happy to know. I shall write you by the ship a fortnight hence. Yours ever — Peter.

it "the Colporteur" or some kindred name, and making it as instructive and inviting as possible. But I should reckon upon fixing carefully some ethical and philosophical points and uttering my conclusions in as sententious and explicit a manner "possible, without fearing charges of ultraism, inexperience, transcendentalism &c which will be likely to fasten upon any book which I shall hereafter write. I should like to write a book on "the Known & the unknown; the true and the asserted; the believed and the received"; but what a Bacon should hold the pen in such an attack upon nine tenths of ~~um~~ the intelligent world! I am more and more convinced of its necessity, the more I meet with quiet and rampant prejudice, and that ignorance in one set of men of the opinions held by another set of men, whom they arrogate to themselves the right to judge. You see I am a wide liker, and being at least quadruple minded am exceedingly unstable in my ways. But I do desire to be guided aright and led in the right ways of duty. I feel so perfectly happy in intellectual society and surrounded with books, that I can hardly believe myself wrong in indulging a bent so decided. I have written to Williamsport my determination to go to preach for them, but I hesitate, chiefly because I would as soon go to Val.o as back to Penn.a But I sometimes feel a mighty struggle between what again I look upon as *prejudices* called a sense of duty, and desires of ease and enjoyment. A struggle I once thought was quite over. But what is over, in life, in the shape of sorrow or trouble or doubt? Poor Mrs White has had a dreadful blow in the death of S. Payton. He died suddenly and left his wife and children destitute. Mrs W. educates the eldest and for that reason wishes to keep house again. She will write you a long letter by this ship and again by one that sails from here in two weeks or thereabout, Your letters delight me beyond description first because you seem to be so completely happy and then because you seem to be doing so much good. May your hands be filled with sheaves of the choicest wheat for the barn of God. When you meet your sailors in another state of being and are perhaps *presented by them at court*, you will have your reward, and I can see your face already shine with the light of the Savior's smile reflected from it. I wish you a hundred thousand times the happiness of the blessed and of hope I shall see you then in the enjoyment of it and be permitted to love you more purely and worthily than I do now. Our feelings seem to me low, base as earth dirt; not intrinsically so, but so by condition. They are all true Coin, but as if they were louisdors and eagles trampled along under the wet slimy sand of this shore of time by the feet of the shipwrecked children of men, us hungry, naked, desperate ones. Oh the brightness these very passions will put on when our natures are not merely renewed but confirmed in glory. — Thank you for thinking of me in your evenings of joy. I feel unworthy of a thought and wonder I am not left to drop through into some dark sewer of the universe to remain & decompose forgotten among the forgotten, like a Criminal in an oubliette. But a soul for whom Christ died, they say is precious. It must be; but then flowers grow for the sake of Growth; birds & beasts multiply ad infinitum simply to substantiate Law and keep up Order and show Inexhaustibility & demonstrate The Infinite and perish when that is done, and —— Oh how one must cling to the word "None of those thou hast given me have I lost, save the son of perdition". Let me fall "a thousand fathoms plumb" I only fall *through* the Infinite, ~~the~~, as it were out of his hand into his lap. —— But still I am talking without reflexion I might be scribbling up something for your 33,333 men power paper, and so fulfilling the promise that I gave you last Jany. in most good faith. I have kept it like most other promises and am ashamed to ask~~ed~~ forgiveness. For the future I promise to what I can. I anticipated your complaint, not of want of *stuff* but want of *room*. But your "sponge" brain "put to soak" at college — does it never feel dry before you squeeze it? Mine seems to be dry through & through & stiff *in* course. You say truly the grandest science, is the science of *true thinking*, a science that has few true, (i.e. successful) votaries. To think & love the truth is as rare a virtue as to love and think the truth. Rare however because like difficult exotics little cultivated and but little prolific. Your plan is an admirable one — pursue it over a thousand *insuperables*. It is worthy of all your mercy, of all your patience, of all your forgiveness. And I think your marking out the plan exhibits a rare insight into ~~[illegible]~~ just that want of the Christian world at present, an incapacity or unwillingness to acknowledge good ground under a foe's feet. Any other body's virtue is vice, any other morality is mere sham & selfishness to ours. Now surely the Spirit of J.C. goes wider than the name and the Holy Spirit has lighted many men that have come into the world. How common it is to damn parental love and conjugal affection and the instincts of charity and peace to the lowest hell because not baptised by a professed conversion. Instead of admiring the seen shine of the good God upon most of his creatures hearts, and *then* — *after that*, watering them with the gospel of the grace of Christ. Virtue & morality & the love of truth & the affections of the heart are ~~all~~ not selfishness & sin & totally depraved & an abomination in the sight of God, but "are all very good". But good only *for this life*. Faith and selfrenouncement & the supremacy of love to God and obedience to the Redeemer and Hope and the love of the brethren, are necessary complements of the others to fulfil complete salvation, and fit us for the life to come. Yet I would not be misunderstood, least of all by you. I can find these virtues of humanity only where the gospel has been long or well preached and therefore believe that they are fruits of the incorruptible seed, the word of God, and argue regeneration. No, I ought not to say *only* where; but in their excellence *only* there; one sees the parental & conjugal instincts *strong* but not *bright* among savages & heathen & the uneducated (by ye gospel), which proves the rule. Your merry contrast of Mexican with heaven of glory filled me with profound sadness. Think of the treasures wasted & perverted, the hearts ruined, the hearts broken, the wrath sown, the wickedness & misery reaped — & then think of angels and their song — of the Child Jesus and the blood of the cross and the millennium — put Hell and Heaven together & give them a common generic name, and you have the synonyme to "Christian War". God rul

— I don't know what wild opinions I uttered on "prayer", but will be gla to hear your "why=nots". I am not responsible for any opinion I eve broached — on any subject, — remember. Don't read my letters to others unless you are sure they won't shame me, for I write to you as one puts his hand into his own bosom to feel his heart beat. Do not fear for my health; I a